

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON LOVE.

WERE the sexes properly educated, instead of those preposterous unions of age with youth, and riches with beauty, which so often disgrace our matrimonial lists; LOVE, pure, chaste, ardent, founded on mutual esteem, a reciprocal belief of singular pre-eminence, would be the happy basis of our marriage contracts.

It is too common for parents and guardians to inculcate on females a peculiar reserve, a forbidding demeanor in the presence of the men. I shall not here remark on the tendency of this constraint, to increase those very evils it was intended to prevent. Allowing it were necessary, like all other necessary evils, originating in the false reasonings or injudicious practices of men, it argues a want of reformation in the cause. Were the women not denied that education which will render them objects of respect as well as desire, the social good would not require the bridle of reserve. And will not this in a great measure account for the frequency of unhappy marriages? Unable from the constraint under which they continually labour to discern the real character of each other, the parties are often determined by accident, by interest, or the momentary impulse of passion, to precipitate themselves into a union for life with views the most different, and dispositions the most adverse. Were the sexes properly educated, there would be no necessity for such restraint. Seeking the company and conversation of each other, from motives of profit as well as pleasure; esteem for the endowments of the mind, would give a delicacy to the sensations excited by personal beauty, and no unruly thought would interrupt the intellectual harmony. At once more open in their conduct, and more able to discriminate; congeniality of soul and sympathy of affections, would be the foundation of particular attachment. Each regarding the other as the object in the world most worthy his or her tenderest concern—each led from an amiable partiality to believe the other the best

judge of actions great and good; every faculty would be exerted to render themselves worthy of a love they prized so much. Under such circumstances the human mind must display whatever can adorn it of beautiful and of dignified. See the ingenuous youth and amiable girl, with minds enlightened and affections refined, united in the bonds of tenderest amity. Sensible that the virtues of the mind and heart, are the chief objects of her lover's esteem; she employs every mean to render them still more estimable. The pure flame that glows within, gives to her appearance a softness inexpressible, and marks all she says or does with a grace peculiarly delicate. Her feelings touched to the highest by the finger of love, vibrate at every touch of distress; she is ever ready to relieve and eager to prevent the misfortunes of others. Happy herself, she beholds with an eye of benignity the whole human race. Ever desirous to please, ever fearful of offending, it is her constant endeavour to conciliate by kind attention the regard of all. In a word, the pattern of the purest virtue, and the most engaging goodness; she is the admiration and delight of all who know her. Viewing the object of his soul's tenderest affection, depending upon him for protection and happiness in future; he redoubles his application to business, while at the same time his heart glows with courage, with magnanimity. Chastened by the purity of his love, he feels a conscious dignity, rendering him superior to arts of littleness or insignificance. All his actions display a manly firmness tinged with a delicate consideration. Believing her he loves the purest, the best of human beings; he thinks he can hardly ever sufficiently deserve her regard. To aspire at equality, his whole soul is in agitation; and every noble feeling, every praise worthy action, is the happy fruit of its exertions. Happy ye who are the subjects of such affection! Happy, thrice happy, the people among whose youth such love prevails! Americans, would you make your country a nation of patriots distinguished for every public, every private virtue; bestow on the rising generation, that education which will fit them for feeling the blissful influence of VIRTUOUS LOVE.

Z.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 12, 1796.



# HISTORY OF DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Concluded from page 251.)

IN this determination, Zelim appeared the second time before Elvira. This beautiful lady, who had not till then had leisure to examine him, now thought she found in him some resemblance of a man who never was absent from her thoughts; she considered the moor as a person to whom she owed her life, and that reflection engaged her to look with more curious eyes, if there was any thing in his outward form, which denoted so noble and generous a soul; but the discovery she made was painful to her, she saw indeed an air of greatness in his person, but then it was an air which brought to her mind that of Don Sebastian; and the more she looked, the more she was amazed and disquieted, and blushes covered her cheeks, while a flood of softness overwhelmed her heart. Don Sebastian, all the time of this examination, was no less taken up in contemplating her charms; she appeared so beautiful to him in her mourning, that he was a thousand times about to throw himself at her feet, and to testify, by the excess of his transports, that of his affection; but reflecting on the effect it might perhaps produce, he constrained himself to support the character he had assumed. The silence observed by both, had something in it so singular, that Thamar fearing it would end contrary to the design of Don Sebastian, approached Elvira, and roused her from the kind of extasy into which she had fallen; "Madam," said she, "Zelim attends your orders." "I know he does," answered she with a sigh, which the memory of Suza forced from her: "Zelim," continued she, addressing herself to him, "I owe my life to you; I shall not be ungrateful; if you follow me to Lisbon, it shall be my care to make you happy; and as a proof of my gratitude, take that." With these words, she plucked a diamond of great value from her finger, and gave it to him, "keep that jewel," added she, "as a pledge of what I will hereafter do for you." The pretended Zelim fell on his knees, and received the favour she bestowed on him, and counterfeiting a different voice, as much as he could, he swore never to quit her; and from this time to the day of their departure, not an hour passed over in which he did not give some testimony of his assiduity and zeal to serve her.

Elvira, who always looked on him with pleasure, could not conceal from Leonora and Thamar, the great resemblance she found between his features and those of Don Sebastian; but they made slight answers to her observations, in compliance with his desires to remain Zelim, till a fitter occasion should discover him to be Suza.

These two confidants, without entering entirely into his thoughts, did not attempt to persuade him to any thing he did not express an inclination for himself, being sensible of his prudence, and that he was perfectly acquainted with the whole soul of Elvira. Nothing remarkable happened previous to their embarking, nor in the course of their voyage; both Elvira and Don Sebastian went on

board with sentiments very different from those which had accompanied them at their landing, and arrived safely at Lisbon; where the whole court being already informed of the behaviour of Don Lama, and the unworthy treatment he had given his spouse, the King was ready, on the pressing instances of Don Pedro, and the rest of the Zuarian family, to call him back, and oblige him to shew a reason for his actions; when Elvira let them know, there was an end, at once, of him and her misfortunes, by a return which they did not expect.

All Lisbon went forth to meet her, and the joy they expressed at seeing her delivered from the woes she had endured, was a kind of triumph for her: they conducted her to her palace; where Donna Catherina de Mendocce was one of the first to visit, not only through a perfect regard for herself, but hoping also to hear from her some news of Don Sebastian, who had never wrote to her since his departure, fearing his letters might, by some accident, be intercepted. Don Pedro and she renewed their friendship, and natural affection for the Vice-Queen, with all the joy and tenderness imaginable, answering all the tears which the remembrance of her misfortunes made her shed, and joining her in thanks to heaven, which had at last put a period to them.

Donna Catherina would not presently ask her any questions concerning Suza; and Donna Elvira thinking her duty forbade her to think on any man so soon after the death of her husband, would make no mention of him, tho' both had an equal impatience to hear news of him. But Leonora, who very much longed to see the end of this affair, reminded the fair widow, that she had now in presence the persons before whom the deceased Don Balthazar desired his last words should be declared, and pressed her to open the casket, since there was none wanting to be witness of what it should contain, but Don Sebastian de Suza, who might very well be represented by his mother.

Elvira seemed so desirous of deferring it some days longer, that Leonora was obliged to be silent; but what she had already said, had excited so great a curiosity in all the kindred and friends of Elvira, who were there assembled, that it was not possible for her to delay giving them the satisfaction they required. Leonora brought the casket, and when opened, they found it contained the most valuable of the Vice-Roy's jewels, the deeds of his estate, and whatever he had valuable in the world; but that which most attracted their attention, was a writing in his own hand, by which he endowed Elvira with every thing, did the utmost justice to her virtue, confessed the unworthy motives of his marriage with her, his ungenerous prosecution of Don Sebastian, and his love for Xerina; for all which, he entreated pardon of Elvira, of Don Sebastian, and of Don Pedro, and declared, that his last request to his widow was, that she should not wait till the time of mourning for him was expired, but that she should give her hand to his rival as soon as she arrived at Lisbon, as a reparation for the wrong he had done him, and to render his remembrance less odious to those he had offended.



This last testament being read before a numerous assembly, Elvira could not restrain her tears; Donna Catherina bore her company in that tender task, and every one lost the hate they had for Lama, in seeing the marks of his repentance. But the mother of Suza thinking it was now a proper time to mention her son, began to testify the disquiets she had undergone, in being able to hear no news of him since his departure for Goa; and then informed Donna Elvira, and all who were present of the motives of his voyage, and the time in which he embarked.

This recital involved the Vice-Queen in a perplexity, which she could not dissemble; the service she had received from the Moor Zelim, the resemblance between his features and those of Don Sebastian, and the secret inclination she had for him, gave her a confused idea of something which she could not as yet well reconcile to reason; but without communicating her suspicions she ordered immediately, that the negro slave who came with her, should be brought into the room. Elvira having made no answer to Donna Catherina's demand concerning her son, and her sudden sending for the slave, threw the lady into most terrible fears, that she should hear some fatal account from the mouth of that person, which the softness of Elvira's nature would not permit her to reveal herself.

Zelim presently appeared in the midst of his friends and kindred, and before the eyes of his mother, without any of them suspecting him for Sebastian; but if they knew him not, they could not help admiring him. As he came now with an intention to discover himself, he threw off that awed and timid air which he had affected to deceive Elvira, and resumed that look of majesty which was natural to him. Every body spoke of him with wonder, and said they had never beheld so extraordinary a black.

Donna Elvira, in seeing him thus, began to strengthen the conjectures she had before formed, and impatient to be satisfied "Zelim," said she, "my gratitude obliges me to acknowledge, before the whole world, that it is to your cares I am indebted for my life; what you have done for me, therefore, leaves me no room to imagine you will fully the glory of such good actions, by disguising the motive which induced you to them. I knew very well, that compassion was alone sufficient to a generous mind; but I have discovered something, which makes me believe you are excited by an interest more pressing——Declare the truth, I conjure you, before this company——It is for my glory to have it known." "That, madam," answered he, throwing himself at her feet, "is too dear to me, not to be defended at the hazard of my life." He would have continued, but the sound of his voice, which he no longer disguised, was so well known to Donna Elvira, and Donna Catherina de Mendocce, that they both cried out, at the same time, Good Heaven! 'Tis Don Sebastian!

"Yes, 'tis he indeed," resumed Sebastian, "who having dedicated his life to the incomparable Elvira, would employ it no otherwise than in her service." Never

surprize was equal to that of this noble company: none of them would permit him to proceed, till they had embraced him in their several turns, and testified their joy at his safety and return. Thamar and Leonora entreated him to acquaint the Vice-Queen and Donna Catherina with all that had passed since his arrival from Goa. This beautiful widow could not restrain her astonishment, and felt in her heart a redoubling of all the tenderness she had bore for him; the respectful conduct which Suza had observed to her, never doing any thing under his disguise, which might give her cause to know him, appeared to her as great a proof of the perfection of his passion, as that of having saved her life. The first tumults of a confused joy being over, he returned to Donna Catherina de Mendocce, to whom he testified all that filial love, duty, and gratitude could inspire.

In fine, after some time was passed in questions, in recitals and in testimonies of the highest satisfaction, Alvarez was called in; who being furnished with the water which was to restore them to their native colour, Don Sebastian made use of it, and presently appeared such as he was. Donna Catherina and Don Pedro pressed Elvira to execute the will of Lama, in espousing Suza in a few days; but that virtuous lady, who preferred duty to all things else, could not be prevailed on to consent, and obliged Don Sebastian also not to repine at this delay of his so long expected happiness.

As soon as the court was informed of the truth of this adventure, Don Sebastian had his sentence of banishment repealed, and he was called back to Lisbon: they likewise ordained, that the beautiful and virtuous Elvira should not delay till the end of her mourning the giving her hand to Suza; willing, by this, to repair, in some measure, the injustice that had been done them both, in favour of Don Balthazar. Their marriage was solemnized in all imaginable pomp, and with the universal applause of all Lisbon. Thamar became a christian, and espoused to Alvarez; who both of them found a recompence for their zeal and fidelity, from the generosity of Don Sebastian and his amiable wife.

The charming Elvira, in her union with Suza, found, that tho' duty, conducted by virtue alone, gave a high reputation, yet duty conducted by love and tenderness, was the only source of true happiness.

#### ANECDOTE of Chief Justice HOLT.

**L**ORD Chief Justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, London, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the contemporaries with whom he had once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, 'Ah! my lord,' said he, 'they are all hanged but your lordship and I.'



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.  
*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 254.)

MY tutor was already asleep when I came home, and I resolved not to tell him a word of what happened to me. When he asked me the following morning where I had staid so late last night, I gave him an evasive answer.

My wet garments I gave secretly to my servant to dry them; however that incident had produced such a violent effect upon me, that I was obliged to keep my bed; yet my illness was of no consequence, for the second day I was again able to go abroad.

Two days were elapsed before I perceived that I had lost two bank bills, each of one thousand guilders. I recollected to have put them in my coat pocket the same evening I had plunged into the river, and went therefore instantly to my servant, to whom I had given my coat, asking him whether he had not found them in it. I was almost petrified when he replied he had not. Having always known him to be an honest fellow, I fancied I either had dropped them somewhere, or lost them in plunging into the river. I enjoined my servant not to tell my tutor a syllable of it, adding I might perhaps have mislaid them, and probably would find them again.

I was in the greatest distress, because I did not chuse to tell my tutor of it, nor could I acquaint my father with my loss, for if he has a prevailing fault, it is overstrained parsimony, which I however had so much the less reason to condemn, as he was hoarding only for me, his sole future heir. Having considered for some time how to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation, I resolved to address myself to the *Unknown*, of whose power and benevolent disposition, the last accident had given me so high an idea, that I reposed an unbounded confidence in him.

This confidence encreased on my receiving after a few days the following letter:

"MY LORD,

"It is with unspeakable pleasure I am taking up the pen to communicate to you an event which is as joyful as it is incredible. Countess Amelia lives; my departed Lady is returned to life again. Give me leave to relate the history of her resurrection from the beginning.

"She had lain already three days in her coffin: on the evening of the third day, when she was to be buried, an unknown person came to the castle, desiring to see the deceased. We admitted him. He was dressed in black, carrying a round hat in one hand, and concealing with the other one half of his face in a scarlet cloak. He approached the deceased, viewed her for some time, and then put his mouth close to

"hers. Having been about three minutes in this situation, he started suddenly up, taking her by the left hand, exclaiming: 'Amelia! Amelia! Amelia! rise!' No sooner had he pronounced the last word, than the deceased began to stir. We were standing around him almost petrified, when he suddenly let loose her hand and went out of the room. Turning round, I had an opportunity of seeing his face, and knew him without difficulty to be the same person whom we once carried to your lordship, tied with cords, and who afterwards disappeared in an adjoining apartment.

"Our astonishment was raised to the highest degree, when the Countess rose up, looking alternately at myself and my fellow servants, and seeing herself in a coffin, exclaimed with terror: 'For heaven's sake, where am I?'

"We were standing around her for some time, struck dumb with amazement; looking by turns at the Countess and at each other, none of us daring to come near her. Some time elapsed before we could be persuaded by her pressing prayers, to assist her in getting out of the coffin.

"The first thing she desired, was something to eat and to drink, complaining of a dreadful hunger and thirst. Having satisfied her appetite, she desired us to relate to her how she had come in a coffin? The history of her resuscitation filled her with wonder and astonishment. When we enquired how she did, she replied she found herself as if roused suddenly from a profound sleep, and as well as ever.

"That very night she enquired after your Lordship; I could give her no other answer, but that you was departed for \* \* \*, which threw her into profound meditation. She did not go to bed all night long."

The rest of the letter contains nothing worth notice. It is signed

FRANCIS PALESKI.

The intelligence which I received by this letter, was an additional motive to make me desirous of a meeting with the *Unknown*. I searched him in every direction, many miles around the town; however all my diligence to find him out was fruitless. One evening (it was late and tempestuous) when I was going home, after a long and fatiguing ramble, I perceived a person in a white cloak, following me every where. The place where I then found myself was lonely and very suspicious, which made me quicken my pace. However before I was aware of it, I was seized by the shoulders from behind, and somebody exclaimed in a terrible accent, "Have I caught thee at last?" I disengaged myself, and hardly could gain time to draw my sword; however, it dropped out of my hand as soon as I saw the face of my antagonist. I fancied I saw the deceased husband of Amelia, and was seized with horror.

The resemblance was striking to the highest degree. My terror did not allow me for some time to observe,



that my pursuer was not less surprised at my countenance than I was at his. However, he recovered first from his astonishment and begged my pardon, in a manner which dispelled at once my apprehensions. "I have mistaken you for another person," he added, "and if you knew how much you resemble in size, dress, and every thing, a man who has done me the greatest injury, you would readily forgive me my mistake."

"And if you did know," I replied, "what a striking resemblance you have to a deceased acquaintance of mine, you will easily be able to account for the terror in which your appearance has thrown me."

"May I crave the name of your acquaintance?"

"O yes! Count de Barbis."

"Count de Barbis! Impossible! I am that very person!"

I staggered back!

"But perhaps you may have known my deceased brother?" he added, after a long pause of astonishment.

"Not personally," I replied, after I had recollected myself a little, "however, I have seen his portrait, and the Countess Amelia has told me so much to his praise, that I think myself very happy for having met unexpectedly so near a relation of that worthy man."

"How! do you know my sister-in-law?"

"Yes I have had the honour of paying her a visit at her castle."

Having stared at me for some time, he embraced me joyfully, pronouncing himself happy for having been made acquainted with me, lamenting at the same time, that our acquaintance had been made in a manner so very disagreeable and alarming.

He went home with me, and told me on the road, that he had mistaken me for a certain Baron who had robbed him of the heart of his mistress, and after having debauched her, had suddenly disappeared and forsaken the poor misguided girl. "How much reason have I," he added, "to praise heaven for having opened my eyes in time; for I certainly would have pierced you to the heart, if I had not perceived my mistake."

At the door of my house he took leave of me, after I had promised to pay him a visit the next day.

This incident had surprised me in such a manner, that I could not help relating it instantly to my tutor, as soon as I entered his apartment. He fancied the whole matter was very suspicious, and cautioned me to be on my guard.

When I went to the Count's hotel the following morning, he had been obliged to go out, but left a note for me, by which I was desired to wait a few moments. I was shewn into an apartment where I experienced a most agreeable surprise as soon as I had entered it. Amelia's picture, which hung in the room, was the first object which assailed my gazing looks. It seemed to smile at me, and was executed with admirable taste, and astonishing truth. She was painted in a loose night-gown, and the most beautiful bosom that ever my eyes beheld, was half uncovered. Her auburn hair floated down her

shoulders in natural tresses, and one part of it encircled her lily-white arm; the spirit of heavenly love was diffused over her face, and her sparkling eyes displayed a pure celestial fire which rekindled every tender feeling of former times of bliss. My eyes were feasting in a voluptuous trance on her beautiful form, and discovered charms which had been concealed from my eyes, when viewing in a kind of ecstasy the lovely original. I was so transported by this charming sight, that I could not refrain from imprinting a burning kiss on the picture. But at the same time, I recollected the promise, never to bow at the shrine of love, which I had made to the *Unknown*. I staggered back, seized with terror, and alas! felt, for the first time, that I had promised more than I should be able to keep. When I renounced love for ever, I fancied Amelia to be dead; but now I knew that she was alive, and her picture had reproduced in my imagination the sweet recollection of all the happiness past which I had enjoyed by her side, and made me anticipate greater pleasures to come. Heavens! what a dreadful struggle. "No, it is impossible!" I exclaimed at length.

"What is impossible?" The Count enquired smiling, having entered the apartment while I was occupied with viewing the picture, without being perceived by me. I could not hide my confusion. "It is not possible," said I, at length, after I had recovered as much as possible from my perplexity, "it is not possible to take a likeness in a more striking manner." He seemed satisfied with this answer.

The picture introduced a discourse on the original, and the Count pretended not to have received the least tidings from his sister for six months, and even did not know the present place of her abode. He esteemed himself happy in having met a person who could give him a satisfactory account of his sister-in-law, and I communicated to him what I knew of her situation, and the strange adventure at the castle. He was very much surprised when I told him that the lady had disclosed to me a part of her history, and that she would have communicated to me the rest, if a letter from my father had not obliged me to depart suddenly from the castle. I requested him to let me know the rest, and hearing that I knew already so much of it, he hesitated not a moment to satisfy my curiosity.

"The Countess," said he, "was interrupted in her narrative, when she was going to speak of that period of her life, when she got acquainted with my brother. She saw him the first time in the house of an aunt at a masquerade. Amelia being very fond, and a good connoisseur of dancing, my brother soon attracted her notice, as he was one of the best dancers in the room; and you know, it is a powerful recommendation with a young girl, if one possesses an eminent skill in that seducing art. My brother who had been charmed with Amelia at first sight, improved the propitious opportunity, and before the masquerade was finished, had contracted an intimate connection with his charmer; which, however, was carefully concealed from her aunt.



He kept up a correspondence with the house of her relation, and in a short time was so happy as to convince the Countess of the sincerity of his love. Her aunt, not suspecting their growing attachment, gave him frequent invitations, and the love of my brother increased every day.

"Their happiness was uninterrupted, till Charles, Amelia's brother, paid his sister a visit. My brother suffered himself to be deceived by the fair appearance of the artful villain, and was so imprudent as to make him acquainted with the state of his heart. Charles pretended to be extremely pleased with my brother's passion for his sister, vowed eternal secrecy, and went instantly to betray him to his aunt, who however, was too prudent to reproach her niece on account of her love, blaming her only for having concealed her attachment from a relation who took

sincere interest in her happiness. The two lovers were consequently considerable gainers by the treachery of the perfidious confidant, and at once released from the fetters of dissimulation. However, their happiness was of short duration. A certain Greek, a beautiful man, of about thirty years, who on account of the splendor of his manner of living, and his immense wealth, had attracted the notice of the whole town, saw my sister-in-law, and was fettered by her uncommon charms. He endeavoured to get acquainted with Charles, and soon succeeded, disclosed his passion to him, and gained him over to his party by frequent presents of great value. Charles introduced him to his aunt, and after a few visits he began to disclose his sentiments, but Amelia pretended not to understand him. Every one pronounced her happy on account of her conquest, however, she kept firm to her first attachment. The Greek offered princely presents; they were rejected. The indifference with which she treated her new lover, almost deprived him of his reason. It is very probable that Charles acquainted him with the cause of his cool reception; for one day, he invited my brother to a sumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed, led him into a closet, offering a million of livres if he would renounce Amelia to him. My brother was highly offended, and answered his rival as he deserved. The latter threw himself down at his knees, weeping, and conjuring my brother, who remained inexorable. The Greek, seeing his rival could not be persuaded to renounce Amelia, started up with furious rage, and uttered terrible threats, but neither prayers nor menaces could move my brother in his favour.

"When the Greek saw at length all his labour was lost, he begged the Count not to mention that incident to Amelia, and having received a promise to that purport, left him to himself. My brother stayed not a minute longer in the house of his competitor, and went home, but from that day, all his steps were watched by hired assassins, whom he escaped several times with the greatest risk of his life.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

(Continued from page 254.)

"THE first part of his speech confounded me, but the latter brought me to myself, 'no sir (said I proudly) I will not believe that I can ever be miserable with such loveliness; I will love her, and I shall willingly bear with the consequences,' so saying I quitted the house, resolved to see Miss Howard immediately.

"But faltering were the steps that led me to her mansion, and perplexed were the thoughts that crowded on my mind, for from the natural severity of my fire's temper, I had not the least doubt but that my reply had forever discarded me from his presence and protection—I had learned no trade—knew nothing of business, and excepting 200 dollars that my mother had paid me the day before, as half of my annuity, I owned nothing in the world; I was perplexed but not irresolute, for I was determined to obtain Louisa at all events, but how to render her happy was the subject of my study, however, after wandering up one street and down another, I came to the determination of marrying directly and going to reside upon the frontiers.

"I hastened to the house of Louisa, and the first person I perceived, was her charming self sitting on a sofa in an attitude of the most poignant distress, with her hands clasped and her face and bosom drenched in tears. 'Oh!' exclaimed she as I entered, 'how, how shall I escape the dreadful situation allotted me—my uncle knows you and hates your family, and in order to prevent a possibility of an intercourse between us, he has positively fixed upon this night for the celebration of my unhappy nuptials—' and can you consent to throw yourself upon my care,' asked I; 'will you consent to be mine, will you abscond with me?' 'ah (replied she) take care how you run into danger, should my uncle ever discover our retreat, he will sacrifice us both to his fury.'

"Fear nothing my love (said I pressing her to my breast) these arms shall screen you from harm; come quit this dwelling, in a moment your uncle may surprize us; she accompanied me without hesitation.

"As we were going down the steps, an elderly man met us with a lanthorn (for it was quite dark,) and demanded of Louisa, where she was going, telling her at the same time, that her uncle had bade him put all things in order, for that the guests would arrive in ten minutes. She sunk down at the words, and a hackney coach that instant passing, I lifted her into it, then turning to the man (whose name was Buller) bade him enter the carriage without delay, threatening him with death if he made the least resistance. He entered, and I told him to have us set down at the house of the first Clergyman he knew, to which after musing a little, he consented, and then whispered to the coachman through the front window, who after having driven us through a number of streets, at length stopped at an ill looking house in a narrow lane, where he told us an indigent Priest dwelt.



"Our perturbation prevented our taking much notice of what passed around us, however, I observed Buller endeavouring to steal away; so fearing, lest he should betray us, I locked the door and demanded the minister instantly—he entered in the course of a few seconds, and the ceremony was performed.

"As soon as I had presented the accustomed fee, I permitted Buller to depart, and catching up my fainting girl in my arms, hurried with her to an inn just by, then flying to my father's stable, took from thence one of his swiftest steeds, upon which I soon placed my Louisa and myself, and left New-York, never to revisit it more.

"What will not Love endure?—the delicate constitution of my wife, which upon any other occasion, would have been broken by the fatigue she bore, seemed now to fortify itself against every hardship—we travelled all day, suffered from hunger, cold and rain, and several times in a clear night, have slept upon the bare ground, beneath some friendly tree; for she, apprehensive of being overtaken, obliged me to pursue the most unfrequented ways, constantly avoiding every village, and only stopping now and then at the most obscure cottage, to procure sustenance.

"In this manner we journeyed until we gained this wilderness—yes—this wilderness, which for a few short months was the scene of all my bliss."

The tears of St. Herbert had strayed down his cheek from time to time during his recital, though he had endeavoured to check them—but his feeble nature could not sustain the part he wished—he clasped his withered hands, and wept aloud.

"Oh my Louisa, my dearest Louisa (at length sobbed he) didst thou know the anguish that dwells in the bosom of thy St. Herbert, it would disturb thy sainted repose, but infinite wisdom hath excluded you from the knowledge of what mortals suffer, and hath shut out sorrow from thine eyes forever.

ANNA.

(To be continued.)

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Sir,

In answer to the *enigma* of young Ladies in this City, in your 30th number, I give you the following Solution, which please to insert in your next and you will oblige a friend.

1. MISS OGDEN.
2. MISS CRAIG.
3. MISS MURRAY.
4. MISS CRUGER.
5. MISS ROBERTSON.
6. MISS TURNER.
7. MISS CASEY.
8. MISS CUYLER.
9. MISS TAYLOR.
10. MISS CRAMMAR.

New-York, Feb. 29, 1796.

## TO THE EDITOR.

Please to insert the following *Enigma* of amiable young Ladies residing in this City, and you will oblige a subscriber.

1. A place in a court of justice, a consonant, and a term for not sick.
2. An harbour, and a serpentine letter.
3. The handle of a rudder, and a vowel.
4. A testament, and a father's male child.
5. The reverse of dead, and a hard substance omitting the last letter.
6. A fish, and the reverse of foolish.
7. A Cavern, and the cube of 3 changing the last letter.
8. A mariner.

(A solution is requested.)

New-York, Feb. 9, 1796.

## NEW-YORK.

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. GILES TAYLOR to Miss ANN PAXTON, daughter of Mr. John Paxton, of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 3d. inst. by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. JOHN E. PARKER, to Miss EFFEE WOOLSEY, both of this City.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. ALEXANDER HUTCHESON, to the widow HUTCHESON, of this City.

On Sunday 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. JAMES YOUNG, to Miss CHRISTIANA RIDABROOK, both of this City.

On Monday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. W. MANLEY, to Miss ANN THOMPSON, both of this City.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, DE WIT CLINTON, Esq. to Miss MARY FRANKLIN, both of this City.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, ROBERT R. GOELET, Esq. to Miss MARGARET BUCHANAN, daughter of Thomas Buchanan, Esq.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The history connected with the Fragment in our last is unavoidably postponed; ELBURN, a Legendary Tale; ALEXIS, a Fragment; the essay on Singularities and lines on Hope, with several other favours, are received and shall appear in our next.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 7th to the 13th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	8. 1. 6.
FEB. 7	33	50	42	38	NW. do. cloud. clear do.
8	29	35	39	50	N. do. do. clear do. do.
9	21	38	25	31	N. do. do. clear do. do.
10	29	42	41		NE. SE. do. cloud. snow in.
11	47	51	49		SW. do. W. rain clear do.
12	38	40	41		NW. do. do. cloud. clear do.
13	33	39	38		W. do. do. clear do. do.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE ROBBER.

**D**RIV'N to despair by fortune's stern decree,  
My friend ungrateful and the world unkind;  
Sweet smiling peace is known no more to me,  
She's fled nor left a ray of hope behind.

With terror as I search this forest's gloom,  
(Made gloomier by the deep'ning shades of night,)  
Each simple object, in my lonely roam,  
Presents new horrors to my aching sight.

The ravens croak: bat fills the mind with dread,  
The horrid wailings of the mooping owl;  
The drowsy bittern looming o'er my head,  
Suits well the sad disorders of my soul.

Ah me! what noise was that—my spirits fail,  
Sure 'twas the sound of my pursuers tread—  
No—'tis the rustling of the hollow gale,  
That murmurs through the dark and distant shade.

Yet something o'er yon passage seem'd to steal,  
So conscience does the guilty mind affright;  
Its troubled fancy painteth things unreal,  
And thrusts sad visions on the cheated sight.

There was a time when I ne'er knew its stings,  
When virtue beam'd upon my youthful heart;  
When health and affluence bore on pleasure's wings  
Each pleasing joy that could a charm impart.

But why recall these pleasures to my view;  
Why picture those lov'd scenes forever past;  
Why thus the sources of my griefs renew;  
Those joys were wreck'd by cold misfortune's blast.

And why lament of disappointed aid;  
Why tell how fickle friendship's favours are;  
They vanish in adversities dark shade,  
And leave the wretch to wander in despair.

Long worn with grief, by poverty distress'd,  
Afflictions load with fortitude I bore;  
Till with severest injuries oppress'd,  
With cruel man I wag'd eternal war.

But now the guilty conflict is no more,  
Reflection! let thy pangs forever cease:  
Some pitying angel gently hovering o'er,  
May whisper to my conscience soothing peace.

Thus did the wretch the page of sorrow fill,  
In faltering accents, thus his fate disclose;  
When from the lonely forest, dark and still,  
His last sad sigh, and parting groan arose.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 8, 1796.

## EPIGRAM,

On the Marriage of a Lady of 63 years of age, to a Gentleman of 18.

**H**ARD is the fate of every childless wife,  
The thoughts of wedlock tantalize her life.  
Truth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done,  
To chuse a child and husband all in one.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

**S**TRETCH'D on the bank of Hudson's rapid stream,  
Stands New-York City, not unknown to fame;  
Here the tall vessels safe at anchor ride,  
And Europe's wealth flows in with every tide;  
Thro' each wide ope, the distant prospects cheer,  
And well pav'd streets, irregularly fair.

'Tis here Apollo does erect his throne,  
This his Parnassus, this his Helicon;  
Here solid sense doth every bosom warm,  
Here noise and nonsense, have forgot to charm.

Thy fears, how cautious and how gravely wise,  
The hopeful youths in emulation rise;  
Who (if the wishing muse inspir'd does sing,)  
Shall liberal arts, to such perfection bring.

Europe shall mourn her ancient fame declin'd,  
And New-York be the Athens of mankind;  
Thy lovely daughters unaffected shine  
In each perfection, every grace divine.  
Beauty triumphant sits in every eye,  
And wit shines forth, but check'd with modesty;  
Decently grave which shews a sober sense,  
And cheerful too; a sign of innocence.  
But what O New-York, most declare  
Thy bliss speaks thee profusely happy here;  
Sweet LIBERTY, her gentle influence sheds,  
And PEACE her golden wings, about us spreads;  
While war and desolation widely reigns,  
And captive nations groan, beneath their chains;  
While half the world implicitly obey  
Some lawless tyrant's most imperious sway;  
No threat'ning trumpet warns us from afar,  
Of hast'ning miseries or approaching war:  
Fearless the hind pursues his wanton toil,  
And eats the product of his native soil.  
No unjust sentence, we have cause to fear,  
No arbitrary Monarch rules us here;  
Our lives, and property, and all that's ours;  
Our constitution happily secures.  
What praise, what thanks are justly due to thee,  
The founder of this perfect scheme of liberty;  
How shall the muse thy just applauses sing,  
Or in what strains due acclamations bring;  
Who can thy constitution read but with surprise,  
Must straight proclaim thee, generous, just and wise,  
Thro' ev'ry page, thro' ev'ry careful line,  
How does the friend, the nursing father shine,  
O could my verse a monument but raise,  
Some part, some little sketch of thy due praise,  
When time thy tomb, or statue shall destroy,  
And New-York's self in dust forgotten lie;  
Ages to come shall read thy favourite name,  
Fresh and immortal in the book of fame.

VALENTINE

New-York, Feb. 12, 1796.

+ + + + +  
A C R O S T I C.

Lur'd by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,  
O ur fine affections idolize this god.  
V ows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove;  
E yes—are the sweetest harbingers of Love!

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